



Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 13 to 21
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44.....NO. 15,863.

TRACTION TAX-DODGING.

The World's disclosures of the indebtedness to the city of the traction companies make a most remarkable showing in tax-dodging. In unpaid taxes on personal property the delinquent corporations owe \$2,000,000; on real estate an amount approximating \$5,000,000, and in special taxes and license fees the great sum of \$12,183,805. Altogether the amount in arrears reaches the colossal total of nearly \$19,000,000!

In this total the item of \$9,000,000 is due under the special franchise tax. Payment of this tax has been refused pending the review by the United States Supreme Court of the decision of the Court of Appeals sustaining the constitutionality of the law. In view of the fact that a unanimous decision of the State Court has never been reversed by the Federal Court, the postponement of payment is in the nature of an obstructive expedient.

By the passage of the Franchise Tax law, for the first time in its history the city was given power to exact a fair return from the street-car companies and other public service corporations for the valuable rights and privileges it has bartered away.

With the bill grown to its present enormous proportions it is high time to take measures to compel payment.

MOVING DAY'S APPROACH.

The house-hunter this fall is offered a larger supply of apartments to choose from than ever before. But he discovers no reduction of rentals to correspond. Indeed, he finds some of the accustomed concessions withdrawn and the "month off" not so frequently granted as before. The prospective tenant learns somewhat to his surprise that the demand, also, has increased with the supply.

In some cases he is confronted by an increase of rents where their height seemed already excessive. This is noticeable particularly in apartment hotels, where accommodations are now offered on a general basis of from \$300 to \$400 a year per room. Two rooms and bath for \$750, a comparatively moderate figure as rents now go, means a rent of nearly a dollar a year per square foot. Not many years have passed since the ground on which the tall building stands was for sale at that price.

The hope is indulged by tenants of moderate means that the near future will bring an era of cheap apartment hotels of high class. It is a fond hope that decays with every October moving day. Yet unquestionably there is money in cheap houses of good character simply built and architecturally pleasing, but lacking the over-ornate finish which to some tenants is objectionable.

Directed on side streets adjacent to desirable residence sections and economically managed they ought to assure their owners a handsome return on the investment. And incidentally they would solve the problem of living for those who under present conditions fall between the two extremes of the undesirable boarding-house and the choice but expensive apartment hotel.

"HOLY MATRIMONY!"

"Do you call that holy matrimony?" asked a lawyer in Magistrate Crane's Court. "There is very little of that nowadays," said the Magistrate.

A case within the Magistrate's meaning has attained some publicity in Chicago. A man of many physical attractions, once petted by society and not yet old, having died in an asylum there, the duty devolved on his three widows of burying him. To discharge this obligation conjointly might, it must be admitted, have produced a comic-opera situation at the side of an open grave. Three weeping women in weeds attending to the obsequies of the dear departed whom they had each severally sworn to love cherish and (presumably) obey until death should part them! And all three with divorce court decrees safe in their keeping at home! It was Gilbertian and not to be risked. So the performance of the pious duty was delegated to widow No. 1.

It is the marriage partnership of this sort that lends point to the Magistrate's criticism—the limited partnership, terminable at the pleasure of husband or wife before a complaisant Justice. Each of these wives had secured her decree within a year or so of the marriage.

A few months of honeymoon, a few days of pouting, a quarrel, "incompatibility of temper" and judicial sanction to try it again. It is a mockery of marriage.

TO WHAT BASE USES!

We were led to believe from the laboratory experiment of a Newark physician last month that the X-ray would prove uniformly fatal to mosquitoes. Corral the pernicious insects in a room, turn the deadly ray upon them and await results, serene in your confidence of soon seeing the floor strewn with their corpses. That was the promise given; but in Sunday's papers came word from another man of science declaring that the pests act under the ray as if stimulated by a tonic. As they fattened on kerosene so they grow strong on the Roentgen ray.

But yesterday assuagement for our disappointment came from Dr. K. D. Hawley, of Columbus, Ind. The X-ray will turn white hair black again!

Alas! that the therapeutic marvel that held the scientific world in awe should now rank with the bottled hair restorer! As late as 1901 the X-ray was curing cancer (see Journal of the American Medical Association of September of that year). It was of great value in the treatment of all skin diseases. And in 1902 Dr. Pusey was giving it a certificate of character for destroying diseased tissue and replacing it with sound flesh. But within a month have come Edison's warning of its dangers in destroying healthy tissue and the further warnings of French and English men of science that it does not cure cancer.

But at least we are promised that it will restore our gray locks to their pristine color. To such base but serviceable uses has it come at last!

A Ticket Seller's Profit.—Out of the suit of Ticket Speculator Bullman against his allegedly defaulting clerk disclosures of ticket-selling processes of general public interest are likely to come. This clerk is charged with appropriating \$30,000 during a period of fifteen years. That the amount in question could have been annually abstracted from the employer's receipts without detection sufficiently indicates the extent of the profit accruing to the ticket seller. But the nature of the dealer's relations with theatre box-offices, the extent of his commissions, the favors granted him by which he was able to secure an abundance of tickets to sell at a profit which the public had to pay, will make interesting reading.

THE NOSE AND GRINDSTONE CLUB.

Conducted by
UNCLE PEANUTBRITTLE
(ROY L. MCARDLELL).



TWO MEMBERS OF THE CLUB.

WHAT can we do to arouse the married men of America from their present condition of apathy and despair? Almost every letter he receives breathes such a spirit of hopelessness that Uncle Peanutbrittle has had a mind to abandon his efforts to free mankind and go into the under-taking business, and there bury any hopes he might have of emancipating mankind. The letters we receive are anonymous, or if the writers give their names they beg to be not printed.

It looks as if our Emancipation Day parade must be called off, as married men are afraid to let their wives see them in line, fearing reprisals. Eight or ten cases of husband-beating have been brought to our attention, but husbands who are victims of wifely wrath fear to prosecute, less they be persecuted.

The treasury of the Nose and Grindstone Club is depleted because members are not permitted to have any money, their wives taking it all, and hence cannot pay their dues.

A powerful opposition has developed in the shape of all women's clubs, the Tidy Workers of America, the Lady Boiler-makers and the Brooklyn Rubber Plant Association. To-day's correspondence speaks for itself.

Letters from the Downtrodden.

Uncle Peanutbrittle:
You might as well give up the fight. The women always get the best of us. I have one satisfaction, when I stand in front of the Flatiron Building every day and I am in a position to know that the women of America have all the money in the land not exactly in their hands, but in their stockings. Money is the modern power. Riches in these days haven't wings—they have legs.

Uncle Peanutbrittle:
I wish to announce to the members of the Nose and Grindstone Club an excellent method of self-protection. When a member has spent more of his salary than he can satisfy, when he stays out late talking over the days when he was free, he can escape violence at the hands of his wife when he returns to his domicile by taking home with him a fierce mouse. As soon as the angry wife approaches a man with intention to do him violence let him be sure the door is closed and then liberate the mouse. His wife will immediately climb on a chair and beg for mercy. A man, saved for the time being, can take advantage of the presence of the rodent in the room and dictate terms before he opens the door and shoots it out. Be sure to get the cat out of the way before trying this plan.

SMART ALEX.

Uncle Peanutbrittle:
I am a poor hackman and I have invented a combination hansom cab and hook and ladder truck. I can bring a man home from lodge and turn the crank until the extension ladder is at his upstairs window. When he can climb in undetected. Can I get funds from your club to assist in taking out my patents and building a rig of this kind?
NIGHTHAWK HARRY.

We cannot see the utility of this patent. In the first place, a man coming home from lodge is too overcome by excitement to climb a ladder; and, secondly, the tyrant who is generally on the watch at the upstairs window. The mouse proposition submitted by our first correspondent strikes us as being more practicable.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

Says "Broilers" Came from Chicago

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read recently in an article on chorus girls: "A peculiar fact about the slender chorus girl is that it is more or less local to New York." The facts of the matter are, Chicago introduced the slender chorus girl, or "broiler," to the admiring world before New York woke up to the fact and was ready to accept Chicago's O.K. as the type of girl. When it was realized that there could even be wisdom in Chicago, New York comes forward with the statement that this type of chorus girl is entirely local to New York.
H. D. SAWYER.

It Is Pronounced "Grennitch."

To the Editor of The Evening World:
How is Greenwich, Conn., usually pronounced? A says it is pronounced "Grennitch." B says it is not.
A. JONES.

Born in Glasgow of Irish Parentage

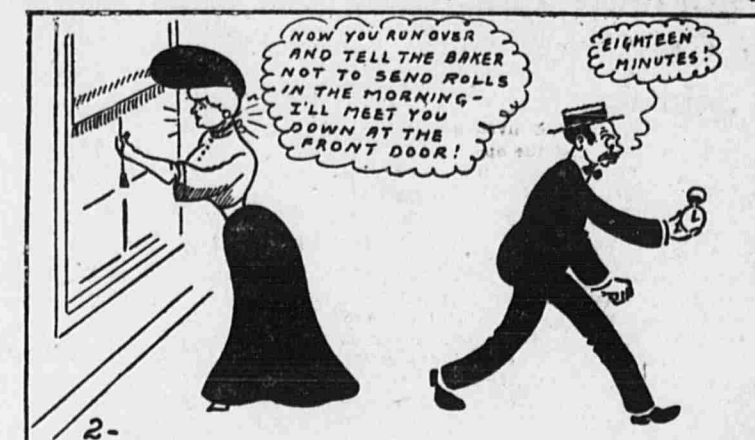
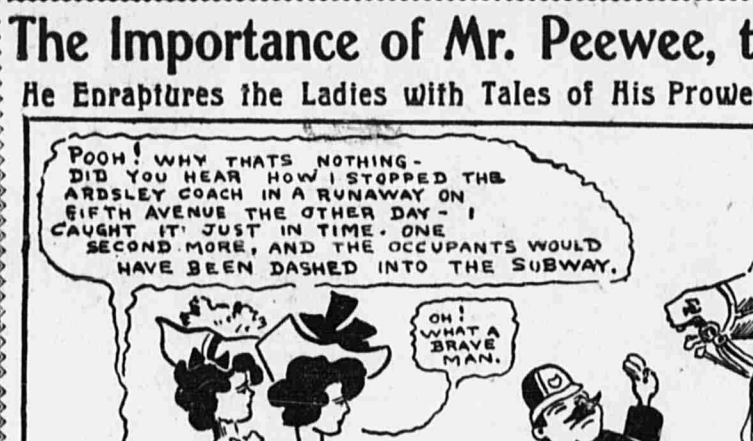
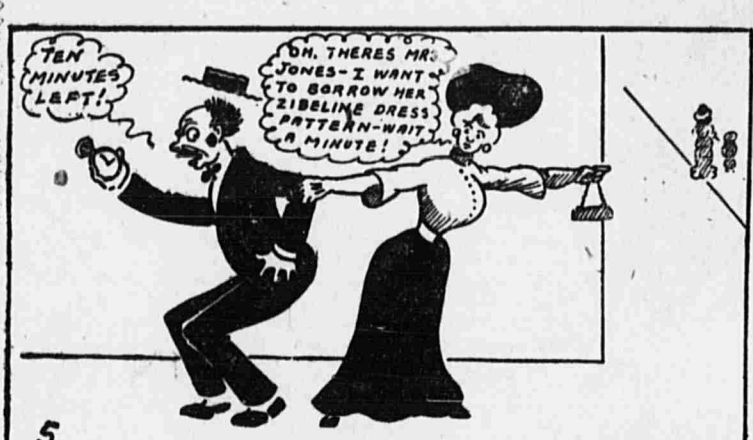
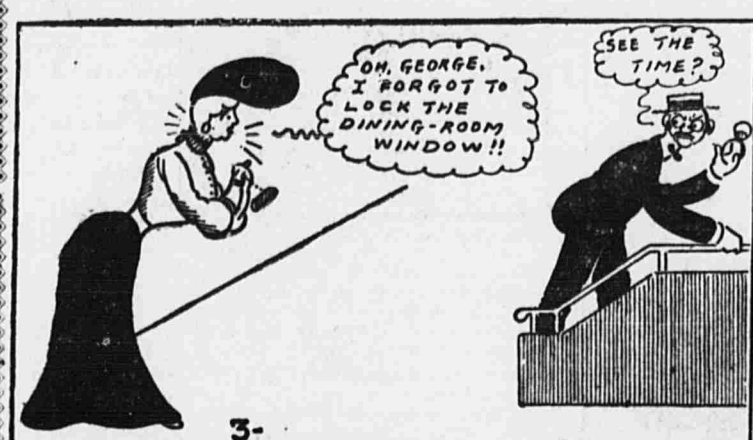
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is the pronunciation of "Calais," the French seaport town? W. M.
In The World Almanac.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I find a list of free evening high schools in New York City? M.

Mrs. Waitaminnit--the Woman Who Is Always Late.

A Few Little Things to Be Attended to Before Train Time Spoil a Sunday Outing.



The Importance of Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

He Enraptures the Ladies with Tales of His Prowess, but, Alas! He Didn't Have It with Him at the Time.



The Evening World's School of Real Lessons from Life.

VII.-ETIQUETTE.

If your restaurant check is over \$5 a waiter will not let you steal a spoon.

When a lady enters the parlor a gentleman should rise, unless she is his wife.

Deference should always be shown to old men, except by their employers.

A dress suit should never be worn before 6 P. M. except at an east side wedding.

It is not proper for a young woman to write first to a young man unless she is a stenographer.

No gentleman ever smokes a pipe in public conveyances except just before pay-day.

It is not good form to call unless afraid your opponent holds better cards.

It is not customary for a married woman to be seen much in public with her own husband.

Questions.

Should a young woman invite to her wedding the other men she has been engaged to?

What is the proper thing to do when a woman entering a restaurant with a gentleman finds her husband dining there with his stenographer?

When a rich godmother sends a \$5-cent tidy as a birthday gift what is the proper form of acknowledging it?

A Thank Offering.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra during their recent visit to Ireland, were shown at Maynooth College a silver statuette of St. George and the Dragon, and rich church vestments presented to the college by the late Empress of Austria. There is a curious story regarding the presentation in question. Caught in heavy rain one day while hunting in Kildare, the Empress sought refuge at Maynooth, and grateful for her kindly reception there, the president having wrapped her in his own slippers, while her drenched garments were drying, began to think how to requite the hospitality she had received. Her gratitude took the form of a silver statuette, which duly reached the college authorities. Great, however, was their consternation when it turned out to be a statue of the patron saint of England. What was St. George to Maynooth, or Maynooth to St. George? The poor saint was promptly bundled into a cupboard, when he was extracted the other day for the inspection of England's king. The Empress, apprised of the mistake she had made, considered how to make amends, and the vestments, embroidered with golden shamrocks, were afterward sent from Vienna as a peace offering.

100-Year-Old Whiskey.

A Trimble County woman has a jar of gooseberry preserves in perfect condition put up forty-one years ago. Our old friend Col. Dick Alexander, of Bell's Ford, on Salt River, says the Hartsburg (Ky.) Herald, can lay over the Trimble lady. He has ten jars of peach preserves that were put up thirty-three years ago. Still better, he has a three-gallon jug of whiskey that was distilled Sept. 8, 1802. It was placed in the jug and sealed and dated on that day, and has been handed down with the understanding that it was not to be opened until 100 years had passed. From handling and shaking the jug one would judge that the liquor had become rancid, but the Trimble lady, leaving the remainder about as thick as molasses. Uncle Dick will open the jug and a jar of the preserves on the 8th of next month, and has invited former Sheriff John L. Forsythe and the writer to break bread with him on that occasion.

The Real Sea Serpent.

Charles F. Holder, the naturalist, believes that when people see the ocean and mistle for sea serpents are really ribbon fish. This curious deep-sea fish often grows to a large size. Dr. Andrew Wilson, of the University of Glasgow, chronicles that Lord Norbury, while trawling in the Firth of Forth one day, hauled up a ribbon fish which, when stretched upon the deck of the ship, which was of forty tons burden, was longer than the vessel, or sixty feet in length. Says Mr. Holder: "The fish is literally like ribbon. The clear solution thus obtained is run into tannin and allowed to crystallize. About one-half of the crystals are borax, the rest being sulphate of lime and salt. The crystals thus obtained are then heated to a certain temperature at which the borax proper crystallizes out from the rest, separating from the impurities held in suspension. Borax is now found in such abundant quantities that it has greatly declined in price from former figures. It once sold at \$200 per ton; the value is now but a fraction of that."

Value of Borax Product.

Borax, which is largely used in the arts, and for household purposes as well, is found in many parts of the world in a more or less pure state, says the Iron Age, and the process of separating it from the crude mineral is very simple. A first operation is that of grinding the material in boiling water containing a small portion of calcined carbonate of soda. The clear solution thus obtained is run into tannin and allowed to crystallize. About one-half of the crystals are borax, the rest being sulphate of lime and salt. The crystals thus obtained are then heated to a certain temperature at which the borax proper crystallizes out from the rest, separating from the impurities held in suspension. Borax is now found in such abundant quantities that it has greatly declined in price from former figures. It once sold at \$200 per ton; the value is now but a fraction of that."

Advance in Microscopy.

Increased limit of visibility in microscopy seems to be assured by a new principle of dark field illumination discovered by Profs. Siedentopf and Zeigsmayr, of Jena. Helmholtz had estimated that the limit of microscopic visibility was 0.0001 millimetre, or 0.0000033 inch. By the new method of illumination the limit is extended to from 0.000001 to 0.000007 millimetre. The report and description is published in volume 10, 1903, of the Annalen der Physik. The principle of the improvement consists in eliminating the light reflected from the surfaces of the condensing lens and the microscopic objective whereby the illuminating light enters the line of vision, so that the object becomes visible by its reflected light alone.

Progress of the Negro.

Forty years ago the negro had not a foot of land nor a roof over his head. Now there are 130,000 farms owned by negroes valued at \$350,000,000; 150,000 homes outside the farm ownership valued at \$285,000,000 and personal property valued at \$165,000,000. So, starting from nothing, here is an accumulation of nearly \$800,000,000. When the work begun, not one per cent. of the negro adults of the South could read or write. To-day 10 per cent. can do so. Fifty per cent. of the children are attending school, and with more facilities more would attend. There are 500 colored physicians in practice, 300 lawyers and 30,000 school teachers. There are 30,000 books in the homes of colored people, and they own and publish 400 newspapers and magazines.

Paint from Mummies.

Ground-up mummy makes a brown of a certain rare color that nothing else can give. It is on account of the asphaltum in the mummy that this is so. The Egyptians wrapped their dead in garments coated with asphaltum of an incomparably fine and pure quality. This asphaltum, as the centuries passed, impregnated the tissues of the dead themselves. It turned them into the best paint material in the world. Being exceedingly expensive it is used only by portrait painters in depicting brown hair.

Stories Told About New Yorkers.

COL ASHLEY W. COLE, formerly marked the ex-President of the State Railroad Commission, was a newspaper man of high degree before he became a "public official," as the saying is.

He was ambushed recently by a reporter who was an old-time friend and who wanted the Colonel's views concerning the attack made by an association in this city on the present Railroad Commission.

That reporter in his younger days, when he and Cole worked together, was a great practical joker, and Ashley had been his victim once.

"Nice thing for me to talk about," remarked the ex-President of the commission; "you've got a nerve. However, being it's you, I'll jot a few things down myself on paper."

The newspaper man was in a great hurry and he grabbed the paper hastily when the Colonel handed it to him. When he reached his office he exclaimed: "Here's a corker! It is written by Ashley W. Cole himself. It's all in shorthand. I'm not a stenographer, so hand it over to a shorthand man, quick."

That practical joker is now looking for Col. Cole with something up his sleeve.

What the ex-President of the State Railroad Commission had noted down in shorthand was "The Star-Spangled Banner" in its entirety.

There are three restaurant keepers in the neighborhood of the Tombs who hang out signs announcing that they will send meals over to the prisoners "without extra charge." Prices charged by these Tombs caterers, as they call themselves, are about the same. For 25 cents a steak, fried potatoes, bread and coffee can be sent over to a prisoner. Pie and similar luxuries cost 5 cents.

Few would recognize in a certain well-groomed insurance man of Gotham the Little Lord Fauntleroy of fifteen years ago. Yet the man is no other than Tommy Russell, who shared Fauntleroy honors with Elsie Leslie in the late \$50,000,000 case.